The China-mettle

GARLAND,

Beautified with Five excellent

New Songs.

I *China-mettle*; or, The Farmer's Courtſhip to brisk young *Mary*.
II. The Laſs of the Mill.
III The Diſtracted Maid's Lamentation.
IV *William's* kind Anſwer to his Miſtreſs.
V. A new Song call'd, Worſe and Worſe.

Licenſed and Enter'd according to Order.

The *China-mettle* GARLAND, &c.

China-mettle; or, *The Farmer's Courtship.*

YOung *Harry* courted brisk young *Mary*,
Mary was buxom, gay, and airy,
Harry was countrity'd as could be,
His Manners was ruff, his Wits was muddy.

When *Harry* firſt beheld his Lover,
With ſuch Speeches as theſe he then did move her
For to be coy it was but a Folly,
Let us be wedded: what ſay'ſt thou *Molly*.

Molly reply'd with ſmiles like Venus,
But there is ſomething elſe between us;
Where is your Cups of China-mettle,
Canniſter, Milk-pot, Stand, and Kettle.

Zooks, I have Kits, Bowls, Siles, and Diſhes,
Enough to ſupply your prudent Wiſhes;
A three-footed Pot, and a good Braſs-kettle,
Oh! *Molly*, what mean you by China-mettle.

I have got Cows for to Milk and to Fother,
A Fold full of Goods, one Sort or other,
I will threſh in my Barn whilſt you ſit Spinning,
Oh! *Molly*, I think it is a good Beginning.

I cannot riſe to waſh your Linnen,
Nor yet can I ſit at my Wheel a Spinning;

I'll

I'll lie in my Bed till the Clock ſtrikes Eleven,
Says *Harry*, Oh! grant me Patience kind Heaven.

Oh! you muſt have ſome Red-nos'd parſon,
To keep a Couch by the Fire to ſleep on,
I will go down to *Margery* in the Valley,
She will make a good Wife, ſo fare thee well *Molly*.

But when ſhe found her Love was loſing,
With ſweeteſt words ſhe began to careſs him:
Saying, tho' I did deny thee, it was but to try thee,
Turn thy ways back again, I'll ne'er deny thee.

The Laſs of the Mill.

WHO has e'er been at *Baldock* muſt needs know, (the Mill,
At the Sign of the Horſe at the Foot of the Hill;
Where the grave and the gay, the Clown and the Beau,
Without all Diſtinction promiſcuouſly go.

'Though thither a Multitude daily repair,
'Tis not for the Sake of the Drink or the Air;
But the much greater Part you may ſay what you will,
Go to ſee and admire the ſweet Laſs of the Mill.

This Man of the Mill has a Daughter ſo fair,
With ſo pleaſing a Shape and ſo winning an Air;
That once on the ever-green Bank as ſhe ſtood,
I'd have ſwore it was *Venus* juſt roſe from the Flood.

But looking again I perceived my Miſtake,
For *Venus* through fair has the Look of a Rake;

While

While nothing but Virtue and Modeſty fill,
The more beautiful Looks of the Laſs of the Mill.

Sweet *Molly*, for that is the Name of the Fair,
The Joy of each neighbouring Swain and the Care,
Her Glances can Warmth to the aged impart,
And the young are all ſmitten quite thro' the Heart.

Promethus ſtole Fire as the Poets all ſay,
To enliven the Maſs which he modell'd of Clay;
Had *Polly* been with him the Beams of her Eyes,
Had ſav'd him the Trouble of robbing the Skies.

Were the Goddeſſes there for the Apple to vie,
And chuſe me their *Parts* if *Polly* ſtood by;
The Prize ſhould be her's without ſtudying about it,
And the Goddeſſes might trudge to Heaven without it.

Hold, ſays my Friend, tho' your Theme is divine,
Give Truth to your Muſe and about with your Wine,
The Bottle is next you, a Bumper then fill,
And we'll all drink a Health to the Laſs of the Mill.

Since firſt I beheld this dear Laſs of the Mill,
I can ne'er be at quiet; but do what I will
All the Day and all Night I ſigh and think ſtill,
I ſhall die if I have not Laſs of the Mill.

The diſtracted Maid's Lamentation.

MY Heart is as heavy as Lead,
Since *Billy* is from me fled,
He hath left a poor harmleſs Maid,
And with me will not wed:

He leaves me alone, and treats me with Scorn
Which makes me thus to cry,
Love makes me ſmart, let us depart,
Love makes me ſmart, let us depart,
There's no Body knows but I,
There's no Body knows but I.

Will. told me he would make me his Spouſe,
And bound it with many Vows;
But Fortune unkind hath plagued my Mind,
I hardly can milk my Cows:
Neither can I with eaſe make Butter and Cheeſe,
But ſit me down and cry,
Farewel my Reel, my Spinning-wheel,
Though Heart of Steel, thoſe Pains I feel,
There's no Body knows but I, *&c.*

To tell you as I am true,
When ever I bake or brew,
The Thoughts of *Will* comes uppermoſt ſtill,
I hardly know what to do;
Inſtead of Malt I put in Salt,
And boils my Copper dry;
The perjured Act, and wicked Fact,
My Brains are rack'd, and I am crack'd,
There's no Body knows but I, *&c.*

My Wits they are gone aſtray,
My Senſes are fled a Way,
In being oppreſt for Want of Reſt,
I neither can work nor play:
I'll range, I'll rove through every Grove,
And ſit me down and cry,

Upon

Upon the Ground there I was found,
Upon the Ground all in a Swoon:
There's no Body knows But I,
There's no Body knows But I.

William's *kind Answer to his Mistress.*

THE Lad whom thus she lov'd,
At her Complaint was mov'd,
And to her said, my charming Maid
Although from you I rov'd,
It was for to prove how you could love,
A Fancy for to try,
Now we'll agree in Unity,
That all may see, there's none shall be
More happy than you and I,
More happy than you and I.

My Dear, you lov'd me true,
And I as well lov'd you.
It was for to try your Constancy,
But now I have prov'd it true:
Then banish all Sorrow we'll marry To-morrow,
You shall have no Cause for to cry,
Now we'll agree in Unity,
That all may see, there's none shall be
More happy than you and I, *&c.*

Then straight she flew to his Arms,
He embrac'd her with all her Charms,
And swore by his Life he would make her a Wife,
And keep her from future Harms:

Now

Now they are wed and gone to Bed,
Where she has no Cause to cry,
But now well agree in Unity,
That all may see, there's none shall be,
More happy than you and I,
More happy than you and I.

A New Song call'd, Worse and Worse.

COme listen a while to my Ditty,
The which I will tell you here,
This Story was told in *Queen Bess*'s Days,
Boys over a Pot of good Beer,
When Money was plenty in fair *London* City,
And Riches did merrily flow,
But now all the Nation of Poverty stinks,
When the Times will mend no Body knows.

Here's bite upon bite, a Knave's the best Man,
Wise Men without Money are Fools,
Cheats, Bites and Knaves make honest Men Slaves,
'Tis Money that now bears the Rule;
A Gentlemen born, is now held in Scorn,
If by Crosses he falls to decay,
He's despis'd like a Beggar, both by Friend and Neighbour,
As you may plainly see.

A Man that is wise and lays up his Money,
To serve a cold Winter's Day,
It will stand his best Friend, you'll find in the End,
When his Friends are all flown away,
And a Wife that in Summer provides for Winter,
He is blest that has got such a Dame,
For a kind loving Wife, is the Joy of Man's Life,
So is Victuals and Money the same.

'Twould

'Twould move you with Pity to go thro' the City,
To hear the poor Tradesmen complain,
Kind Heaven has sent us a plentiful Season
But the Rich enjoyeth the same:
There's rich costly Chear, enough I declare,
But the Poor hath no Money to buy,
We've Sighs and a Smell, while the Rich have their
They won't hear poor Charity cry. Fill

Bum Bailiffs and Lawyers, deliciously fare,
Their Trade is going merrily on;
For we must have Victuals, and Cloaths for to wear,
Tho' in Debt for the same we do run.
This great World's but a Pain, our Labours in vain,
Let us drink with a merry good Chear;
Who knows but kind Fortune may turn about,
And the Times may be better the next Year.

Let us down with all Sorrow, who knows but To-
We die with a Heart full of Care; (morrow,
This World's but a Bite, if you take it but right,
As it plainly doth appear,
He plays his Cards fair, that can lie and swear,
And get all his Money by the Bite:
He lives and grows great, while an honest Man's Fate
Is to Labour, and get nothing by't.

A Man that love's sotting will never be rich,
The Alewives they get all his Store;
And I pity that honest Man to my Heart,
That in Marriage is ty'd to a Whore,
And a Wife that loves Gin, will make your Back thin
And her Children will Poverty know;
And he that meddles with Matters of State,
Had better to let it alone.

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